H C Rider
MEXICO

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—Cicero.

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What's a Boy Like?

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Like a wasp, like a sprite,
Like a goose, like an eel,
Like a top, like a kite,
Like an owl, like a wheel,
Like the wind, like a snail,
Like a knife, like a crow,
Like a thorn, like a flail,
Like a hawk, like a doe,

Like the sea, like a weed,
Like a watch, like the sun,
Like a cloud, like a seed,
Like a book, like a gun,
Like a smile, like a tree,
Like a lamb, like the moon,
Like a bud, like a bee,
Like a burr, like a tune,

Like a colt, like a whip,
Like a mouse, like a mill,
Like a bell, like a ship,
Like a jay, like a rill,
Like a shower, like a cat,
Like a frog, like a joy,
Like a ball, like a bat,
Most of all—like a Boy.

A STORY OF ST. MARK'S EVE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

St. Mark's Day is a festival which has been observed on the 25th of April, in Catholic countries, from time immemorial. The superstition alluded to in the following story was formerly very generally believed, and vigils in the church porch at midnight were common.

"I hope it'll choke thee!" said Master Giles, the yeoman; and, as he said it, he banged his big red fist on the old oak table. "I do say I hope it'll choke thee!"

The dame made no reply. She was choking with passion and a fowl's liver, which was the cause of the dispute. Much has been said and sung concerning the advantage of congenial tastes among married people; but the quarrels of this Kentish couple arose from too great coincidence in their tastes. They were both fond of the little delicacy in question, but the dame had managed to secure the morsel to herself. This was sufficient to cause a storm of high words, which, properly understood, signifies very low language. Their meal times seldom passed over without some contention of this sort. As sure as the knives and forks clashed, so did they; being in fact equally greedy and disagreeable; and when they did pick a quarrel, they picked it to the bone.

It was reported that, on some occasions, they had not even contented themselves with hard speeches, but had come to scuffling; he taking to boxing and she to pinching, though in a far less amicable manner than is practiced by a taker of snuff. On the present difference, however, they were satisfied with "wishing each other dead with all their hearts;" and there seemed little doubt of the sincerity of the aspiration, on looking at their malignant faces; for they made a horrible picture in this frame of mind.

Now it happened that this quarrel took place on the morning of St. Mark's; a saint who was supposed on that festival to favor his votaries with a peep into the book of fate. For it was the popular belief in those days that, if a person should keep watch at midnight beside the church, the apparition of all those of the parish who were to be taken by death before the next anniversary would be seen entering the porch. The yeoman, like his neighbors, believed most devoutly in this superstition; and in the very moment that he breathed the unseemly aspiration aforsaid, it occurred to him that the eve was at hand, when, by observing the rites of St. Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was to be one of those that bear fruit. Accordingly, a little before midnight, he stole quietly out of the house, and set forth on his way to the church.

In the meantime, the dame called to mind the same ceremonial; and, having the like motive for curiosity with her husband, she also put on her cloak and calash, and set out, though by a different path, on the same errand.

The night of the Saint was as dark and chill as the mysteries he was supposed to reveal; the moon throwing but a short occasional glance, as sluggish masses of cloud were driven slowly from her face. Thus it fell out that the two adventurers were quite unconscious of being in company, till a sudden glimpse of moonlight showed them to each other a few yards apart. Both, through a natural panic, became pale as ghosts; and both made eagerly toward the church porch. Much as they had wished for this vision, they could not help quaking and stopping on the spot, as if turned to stones; and in this position the dark again threw a sudden curtain over them, and they disappeared from each other.

The two came to one conclusion; each conceiving that St. Mark had marked the other to himself. With this comfortable knowledge, the widow and widower elect hied home again by the roads they came; and as their custom was to sit apart after a quarrel, they repaired to separate chambers, each ignorant of the other's excursion.

By and by, being called to supper, instead of sulking as aforetime, they came down together, each being secretly in the best humor, though mutually suspected of the worst. Amongst other things on the table, there was a calf's sweet bread, being one of those very dainties that had often set them together by the ears. The dame looked and longed, but she refrained from its appropriation, thinking within herself that she could give up sweetbreads *for one year*; and the farmer made a similar reflection. After pushing the dish to and fro several times, by common impulse they divided the treat; and then, having supped, they retired amicably to rest, whereas, until then they had seldom gone to bed without falling out. The truth was, each looked upon the other as being already in the church yard.

On the morrow, which happened to be the dame's birthday, the farmer was the first to wake; and *knowing what he knew*, and having besides but just roused himself out of a dream strictly confirmatory of the late vigil, he did not scruple to salute his wife, and wish her many returns of the day. The wife, *who knew as much as he*, very readily wished him the same; having, in truth, but just rubbed out of her eyes the pattern of a widow's bonnet that had been submitted to her in her sleep. She took care, however, at dinner to give the fowl's liver to the doomed man; considering that when he was dead and gone she could have them, if she pleased, seven days in the week; and the farmer, on his part, took care to help her to many tidbits. Their feeling toward each other was that of an impatient host with regard to an unwelcome guest, showing scarcely a bare civility while in expectation of his stay, but overloading him with hospitality when made certain of his departure.

In this manner they went on for some six months, without any addition of love between them, and as much selfishness as ever, yet living in subservience to the comforts and inclinations of each other, sometimes not to be found even amongst couples of sincerer affections. There were as many causes for quarrel as ever, but every day it became less worth while to quarrel; so letting bygones be bygones, they were indifferent to the present and thought only of the future, considering each other (to adopt a common phrase) "as *good* as dead."

Ten months wore away, and the farmer's birthday arrived in its turn. The dame who had passed an uncomfortable night, having dreamed, in truth, that she did not like herself in mourning, saluted him as soon as the day dawned, and, with a sigh, wished him many years to come. The farmer repaid her in kind, the sigh included; his own visions having been of a painful sort; for he dreamed of having a headache from wearing a black hatband, and the malady still clung to him while awake. The whole morning was spent in silent meditation and melancholy, on both sides; and when dinner came, although the most favorite dishes were upon the board, they could not eat. The farmer, resting his elbows upon the board, with his face between his hands, gazed wistful on his wife. The dame, leaning back in her high arm-chair, regarded the yeoman quite as ruefully. Their minds, traveling in the same direction, and at an equal rate, arrived together at the same reflection; but the farmer was the first to give it utterance:

"Thee'd be *missed*, dame, if thee were to die!"

The dame started. Although she had nothing but death at that moment before her eyes, she was far from dreaming of her own exit. Recovering, however, from the shock, her thoughts flowed into their old channel, and she rejoined in the same spirit.

"I wish, master, thee may live so long as I!"

The farmer, in his own mind, wished to live rather longer; for, at the utmost, he considered that his wife's bill of mortality had but two months to run; the calculation made him sorrowful; during the last four months she had consulted his apppetite, bent to his humor, and conformed her own inclinations to his, in a manner that could never be supplied.

His wife being at first useful to him, had become agreeable, and at last dear; and as he contemplated her approaching fate, he could not help thinking out audibly "that he should be a lonesome man when she was gone."

The dame this time heard the survivorship foreboded without starting; but she marveled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doomed man. So perfect was her faith in the infallibility of St. Mark, that she had never seen the symptoms of mortal disease as palpable as plague spots on the devoted yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong sense of duty persuaded her that it was imperative on her as a Christian to warn the unsuspecting farmer of his dissolution. Accordingly, with a solemnity adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a *memento mori* face, she broached the matter in the following qustion:

"Master, how bee'st thou?"

"As hearty as a buck, dame; and I wish thee the like."

A dead silence ensued; the farmer was as unprepared as ever. There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently; an experiment which has never answered, any more than with iron-stone china. The dame felt this; and thinking it better to throw the news at her husband at once, she told him in as many words, that he was a dead man.

It was now the yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning he had just wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the dame's death-warrant was just ready upon his tongue, when he met with his own despatch, signed, sealed, and delivered. Conscience instantly pointed out the oracle from which she had derived the omen.

"Thee hast watched, dame, at the church porch, then?"

"Ay, master."

"And thee didst see me spirituously?"

"In the brown wrap, with the best hose. Thee were coming to the church by Fairthorn Gap; in the while I were coming by the Holly Hedge."

For a minute the farmer paused; but the next he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter; peal after peal, each higher than the rest. The poor woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon. She thought it a delirium; a lightning before death; and was begining to wring her hands and lament, when she was choked by the merry yeoman:

"Dame, the bee'st a fool. It was I myself thee see'd at the church porch. I see'd thee, too, with a notice to quit upon thy face; but, thanks to God, thee bee'st a living; and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten month!"

The dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but throwing her arms around her husband, she showed that she shared in his sentiment. And from that hour, by practicing a careful abstinence from offence, or a temperate sufferance of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the country. But it must be said that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other safely over St. Mark's Eve.

The moral this story conveys is one which might prove a useful monitor to us all, if we could keep it in daily remembrance. Few, indeed, are so coarse in their manifestations of ill-temper as his Kentish couple are described; but twe all indulge, more or less, in unreasonable fretfulness, and petty acts of selfishness, in the relation of husband and wife, parents and children, brother and sister,—in fact, in all the relations of life. It would help us greatly to be kind, forbearing, and self-sacrificing towards neighbors, friends and relatives, if it were always present to our minds that death may speedily close our intercourse with them in this world.—*Selected.*

Letter from Louisiana.

BALDWIN, LA., Jan. 23, 1875.

MR. EDITOR:—In response to a friend's "Don't you want to go to Franklin?" I, on the 1st of January, 1875, bustled around and made a toilet calculated to awe the sable lookers-on, and impress the gentry with a sense of "position." I have not "haughty mien and dark eyes," so necessarily depended upon the halo around cotton lace and two-buttoned kids, and the gullibility of the observer. Set my cap for a Southerner? No such thing. I'd as soon confer my affections on a powder cask, or Barnum's tiger. But as all Northerners are supposed to be Yankees, and all Yankees lank and gawky, with wooden nutmegs rattling in their pockets, and patent medicine labels peeping from divers places, I felt the whole North upon my shoulders, and wished to undo the belief as far as possible.

Away we went, I quite calm, considering that if I opened the wrong side of my portemonnaie, the supposed greenback stuffing would look suspiciously like newspaper slips and worsted samples. After crossing the second bridge on the route felt more inclined to the *role* of "Miss Pheley." The heavy rains had washed the road, leaving at each end of the bridges a sharp step a foot and a half high. Neither the pull up or the jerk down were soothing, especially as I drove, and the seat slid, and the foot-board was slender, not promising to hold unless avoirdupois and speed were calculated nicely. There seems to be a peculiarity about a bridge here. It always needs repairs, and on each side are apt to be a couple of flopping fish, and three or four wooly heads, with a corresponding number of dangling legs.

We cross the proposed line of the extension of Morgan's railroad, once ready for ties, now partly overgrown with bushes. My "shiftless" grows more decided, and I relax two joints of the spinal column.

We have passed between what were once cane fields, shown by the grassy drills, then through a mile of the always beautiful Southern forest, and now come upon a few acres of low, wet land through which flows a small bayou, with a name pronounced Shoe-peck. (If you understand Chocktaw, and are good at guessing puzzles, you, perhaps, can spell it; I cannot.) Now the road turns at a right angle, and a little in the distance is Franklin, but you need a practiced eye to discover it. Although covering as much ground as Mexico, there are no tall chimneys, or steeples, or smoke of factories, or noise of mills. A sleepy, old town, sprawling over the flattest kind of a plain, its many cabins giving it the appearance of having sent all its smoke-houses and corn-cribs into the suburbs to pamper the exclusiveness of the few good residences, which, however, cannot frown down the little French and German shops.

My vertebrae show signs of disappearing altogether, and I conclude to inspect the place and people without regard to their impressions. The first curiosity is this sign,

DRY GOODS GRO
CERYS SOLD BY L C TOVLMANE.

The goods look as dingy as the proprietor. The next is the flower borders, which I examime in vain, until an accommodating pig digs around one and turns up a couple of old beer bottles. These, stuck down neck first, make unique, pretty borders. Were they suggestive? Oh, no! A look at the eyes and noses of the few people I met of my color, left nothing to be suggested. Here the negro has the advantage. He may carry as heavy a head light as he wishes, his proboscis tells no tales. I am told that a discovery by which beer bottles might be utilized, or destroyed, would lighten the burdens of the Franklinites. I think their destruction before being uncorked, is the only hope of the village. We drive up to the best store—inside and out about like a second class thriving village store—and as two men are complacently looking out of the window, wait a moment for help. They keep their posts, and we desert ours by crawling over the wheel, and hitch our horse the best we can. I expect to be snubbed, and have a vague idea that it will be a privilege for which I should be thankful. I am wrong. The clerks and proprietor are gentlemanly and attentive, I ask to leave my waterproof, and it is carefully folded and laid on a tray. I go out wondering at the incongruity of things; but conclude they have not learned how to wait on ladies since owning colored footmen.

As many times as I have been to F——, the only attention of the kind ever received, was to have a merchant come out and lift the children from the carriage and lead them in, leaving their mother and myself to get out of our amazement and the dilemma as best we could. This is not due to disrespect, but the people have hardly learned to wait on themselves. I strolled down a side street to get a view of the bayou. I glanced at a house I was leisurely passing, and lo! before a window stood a young lady and gentleman coolly surveying me through an opera glass. Being on an exploring tour myself, I sympathized with them, and as I was nearly out of range of the glass, I turned and slowly walked past the window and back again, not trying to to spare their gratitude by hiding my purpose. They quickly found the naked eye all sufficient, but before I had decided what ailed the young man's palate, the curtains were dropped. It might have been pure curiosity; or, by my dress they knew where I hailed from and wished to wither me. I did not wither worth a cent. This is the only rudeness I have met with.

There are a few nice private residences, one in particular has Eden-like grounds. The business part of the village—three quite good stores excepted—is decidedly shabby. There are one story, wooden buildings with shabby paint, a few old brick ones, and they are placed with as little order as if dropped out of chaos in the night time. The court house has a small, grassy square with a few oak trees. It is brick, with a plain entrance on each side and a portico and a flight of steps in front. Being large, it was used as a fort during the war, and, being alternately occupied by the Rebels and Union soldiers, was bombarded by each in turn. Its walls show contact with many cannon balls. There are a convent, a "Forrest Hill Seminary," a plain school building for colored children, churches, beer-houses, a photograph gallery squeezed under the peaked roof of a small tin shop, an ice cream saloon—"elegantly fitted up"—as the village paper states—with bare floor, sixpenny wall-paper, and painted tables. The cream, and iced lemonade with a suspicion of claret, are as good as the best, however.

The walks, or "banquetts," are miserable, either of uneven stones, rotten planks or shells that make your eyes smart on a sunny day, with their white, lime light, and grate under your shoes like a lunatic's teeth.

Now, what do you know of Franklin? Nothing. I think I know but little of it myself. I can't find out the number of inhabitants. I know that is on bayou Teche, and between it and Baldwin the bayou forms a goose yoke, the distance by water being fifteen miles, by land about three. The chief business seems to be, to make living without work, a science. The whites are all Leaguers, except a few republican officials. The aristocracy is small, but blue. The chink fillers are French, German and African. The streets are a study. Nearly every one comes to town on horse-back, or in the most wretched looking, old two-wheeled carts I ever saw. If Mexico only owned them what fantastics she could get up.

You seldom see a well-dressed crowd. The gentlemen are usually *en route* for billiards, the ladies are seldom in the streets except when on dress parade in the early twilight. Nearly all the country people who drop in are colored, and they come in numbers. Saturday is set aside by them for village-going, as rigidly as Sunday for worship, perhaps more so, and they cover the town like a flock of crows, or a fall of soot.

The fun-loving can be gratified often. A pleasant sight is a merchant buttonholing a "nigger," with Saturday's wages in his mind and resignation upon his countenance; or the colored swell; or the loving swain and sweet-heart—how they show the whites of their eyes in love-making; or the bridal cortege—the white cotton gloves, with a strip of black between them and the wristbands, the stovepipe hat, with a grin underneath, the white muslin vails, and white dresses, too small, or dirty, often both, and the jaunty airs. Oh, dear me! once seen the recollection is evergreen.

Why have I introduced this shabby little village? Because it is the largest between here and New Orleans, a distance of 110 miles south-east, also one the largest for as many miles in all other directions, if I am rightly informed. Then its prospects; a gate has been painted green, and one end of the house white since I have been here. You see the people eat so many onions the atmosphere is sleepy, and no wonder that the town that holds them should vegetate—yes, a wonder that it even does that.

But it does not strike you as wholly shabby. The roses, jessamine, cypress, oleander, shaded walks, orange and magnolia, with many, many other beautiful tropical trees, shrubs and flowers, call for the warmest admiration, and cheat you into forgetting that they often nearly hide.

Again, I must condemn our winter. Since my last, it has rained nearly incessantly. One day we saw a miracle, and during all the other days the sun has taken not more than a half-dozen peeps at us damp mortals. The miracle was this. On the morning of the 10th the thermometer stood at 25°. Soon after day break rain fell, which, clinging to everything, congealed, changing earth's dull brown and green into sparkling transparencies. You have all seen trees and shrubs covered with ice on a frosty morning, but did you ever see grasses a foot high changed into wonderful crystaline form; the imprisoned green in the centers, throwing off rays of emerald light? Did you ever see rose bushes with crimson buds peeping through the clearest icy balls, full blown roses in a saucer of ice half an inch thick—the modesty which bowed their blushing beauties protected them in part—leaf sprays caught between layers of ice, their outlines perfect? Did you ever see a summer day wrapped up in crushed diamonds? Cold and clear the sun shone on all this beauty after the rain ceased, and rainbows quivered on every leaf and blade, bent every limb, and hung in masses from the oak and mistletoe. All day branches crashed to the ground in the forest, and an old oak toppled over on the bayou bank.

The coldest day in years people said, and shrugged their shoulders, and stamped their feet. For this we thank you, also for our sulky days. *Our* winter seldom is so freakish, or yields to maudlin tears, unless your old arctic tyrant hobnobs with him.

But did not our lazy blood stir that day. Now it is drip, drip, drip. No wonder there are no stones here. The moss hangs in heavy dripping masses on the trees. The surfeited ducks lazily dip in puddles near the door. The walls and floors are damp, and ginger snaps are in a melting mood. So am I. With a wave of a damp handkerchief I bid you you a mouldy farewell.

L. S. MOSHER.

A College Prank.

The following from the Louisville Commercial is decidedly rich.. And its richness is hightened by the fact that publicity is given to the perpetrators of the joke, in the belief that the bishop is dead, and therefore the parties concerned will not be subject to censure. It will be read with great interest and no little amusement by all the many friends of the bishop in this vicinity:

Dr. Jesse T. Peck was president of Dickinson College, Carlisle. Penn., in 1848, and was made the victim of a practical joke about that time, which was widely published and regarded as the very essence of college mischief. The authors of that joke can, at this late day, be made known, for the first time, without submitting them to censure. Dr. Jesse T. Peck (afterwards Bishop Peck, and now, if we mistake not, dead) was a very large man, dignified in his manner and bearing, and with a peculiar faculty for rolling his r's in conversation, which made his speech very impressive. At Dickinson College in that year was Moncure D. Conway, now famous in this country and in England for his high literary attainments, his vigorous, brilliant intellect, and his strong-minded views on all religious and scientific topics. Mr. Conway (or as his fellow-students called him then, Monc Conway) was not regarded as a brilliant student, but was rather noted for his literary predilections. He appreciated humor, and enjoyed the practical jokes for which college students have always had a weakness. In the same Junior class was Marcus J. Parrott, who afterwards became a prominent man in the free soil party of "Bleeding Kansas." This was the same Marcus J. Parrott who some years ago, while at the Langham hotel, in London, dispatched to the Grand hotel, in Paris, to reserve apartments for him. On his arrival there great was his astonishment to find that one of the grandest suites of apartments in the hotel had been reserved for him, while he was greeted with the greatest display of respect by mine host and his staff. This extraordinary attention to a simple American sovereign was caused by a ludicrous misconception of Mr. Parrott's name. The dispatch conveyed to the landlord the impression that the apartments were for the Marquis de Parrot, a distinguished foreign nobleman.

Dickinson College was sustained at the time we refer to by the Methodist conferences of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland, and the annual conference was to be held at Staunton, Va., in March, 1848. Dr. Peck, as was customary, made his arrangements to attend the conference, and also to witness the inauguration of President Tyler in Washington. The students were aware of the fact, and one evening Moncure D. Conway, Marcus J. Parrott and E. A. Maginness, then a freshman from New Albany (now the portly manager of the Louisville Industrial Exposition), sat down to play a game of euchre. The President's visit to Staunton was commented upon, and, in the mischievous spirit of reckless studenthood, a practical joke was projected, which, after mutual suggestions from each of the three, assumed complete shape.

Conway could imitate Dr. Peck's hand-writing, and pen and ink being procured, he wrote a letter to the Superintendent of the Insane Asylum at Staunton, Va., in which he stated that a very respectable citizen of Carlisle, Penn., named Hugh Blair, was subject to temporary aberration of mind, during which he imagined himself to be Dr. Jesse T. Peck, President of Dickinson College. Then followed a description of the unfortunate Hugh Blair, which description was an elaborate picture of Dr. Peck himself. As Mr. Hugh Blair had been absent some days, his friends were becoming alarmed, and the supposition was that as Dr. Peck would reach Staunton to attend the conference on a certain day, Mr. Hugh Blair had gone there under his delusion, and would be on the same train. Would the Superintendent be so kind as to watch the train, and if the gentleman described came, to take him to the asylum without exciting his fears, and retain him there until his friends would come for him, when all expenses would be paid, and they would be ever grateful, &c. This letter was sent, and the trio awaited the sequel.

Dr. Peck, in all his imposing dignity, reached Staunton on the day expected. On stepping from the train he was accosted by a polite gentleman with, "Is this Dr. Peck?" "Yes, sir; I am Dr. Peck, President of the Dickinson College," was the dignified response. "Glad so see you, sir. Will you step into my carriage, Dr. Peck?" said the affable gentleman. Dr. Peck, supposing it to be an attention which was being paid to the President of Dickinson College, complied, and was drawn to the asylum, his companion chatting pleasantly on the way. He had not been inside the institution long before he discovered its character, and naturally desired to know why he had been brought there. The Superintendent assured him that he would not be harmed; that he would simply be required to remain at the institution until his friends came for him. Dr. Peck became indignant and demanded to be released. He declared himself to be "Dr. Jesse T. Peck, President of Dickinson College," but as this exactly corresponded with the description given of the unfortunate Hugh Blair, and his peculiar delusion, the Superintendent smiled blandly, and begged the Doctor not to excite himself. Finally Dr. Peck's protestation were so violent that the superintendent to pacify the supposed monomaniac, acceded to his request to send for some of his conference friend to identify him. They came, in wonder and surprise, and the doctor was recognized by his astonished frieds, and released with profuse apologies from the Superintendent, who could only, in palliation for his error, produce his letter, assuming to be from Dr. Peck, regarding the unfortunate Hugh Blair.

Dr. Peck felt very much hurt over the cruel joke; the pleasure of his visit to the conference was spoiled, and on his return to the college the entire Faculty—among which were Prof. Beard, now of Girard Smithsonian Institute, Prof. Allen, now of Girard college, and Dr. Tiffany, now pastor of the Methodist Memorial church, of Washington—instituted an investigation to discover the authors of the prank, but all their efforts were in vain.

A Scene at an Undertaker's.

He came into the office of a West End undertaker yesterday with a look of great care on his honest face. His eyes were heavy and slightly bloodshot, telling of nightly vigils and loss of sleep. His hair was unkempt and shaggy. The soft-handed man of coffins looked upon his visitor with a look full of pity and thankfulness for his patronage. He was so young to be burdened with the loss of a dear one by death.

The manufacturer of burial cases nodded in silent assent and condoling recognition; the young man from the country said: "How d'ye?" Then followed a painful silence, broken at length by the man of grave business:

"Can I do anything for you to-day, sir?"

"Wall, I reckin so, stranger."

Another silence. Once more the undertaker began, by suggesting: "Your sister?"

Young man stared a moment, then, as light gradually broke upon his perplexed mind, he smiled a smile more suggestive of sorrow than happiness, then replied:

"No—my wife!"

"Sudden?"

"No—expected suthin' of the kind for several months."

"When did it happen?"

"'Bout four o'clock this morning."

"Looks natural?"

"Rather." (Spoken carefully, and expressive of some doubt."

"About what do you want the cost of it to be?"

"Don't care a durnatian for expenses; git it up kinder nice. I'll treat her handsum, 'cause she is the first one I ever had."

"Very well, my friend; you'll have it lined with white satin, I suppose?"

"Jest as you say, stranger."

"Silver-headed screws, too, I suppose?"

"Y-a-a-s, I s'pose so. An', stranger, jest put a bully top to't."

"Oh, of course; and you'll want a glass in it, also, I suppose?"

Y-a-a-s—Oh, certainly—you bet. Git her up sniptious, you know, old fellow. None of your dratted one-hoss fixins for me. No sir'ee."

"Just so. Silver handles, of course."

"Eh? What's that you say, stranger—silver handles? Oh, durn it, now, won't thet be pilin it on too hefty like? I kin stand silver screws, and sich, but there's no use makin' the hull tarnation trap of silver. The thing has to be moved, and must have handles, but I ain't quite so stuck up as thet now—not quite, stranger."

"Very well," acquiesced the man of obsequies. I'll put ordinary handles to it, then."

"Eggs-actly—them's 'em mister; now you're talking. Or'nary handles 'll do. But, I say, stranger, (reflectively,) make the wheels glisten like thunder."

"Wh—wh—wh-eels?"

"Yas, wheels. What's the matter with you anyhow?"

"But who ever heard of wheels to a coffin?"

"Coffin!" shouted the dejected-looking young man. "Coffin! Now, who the dickens said anything about coffins?"

"Why, don't you want a coffin?"

"Ne-o! durn your coffin! I want a cradle—I want a cradle—a trap to rock my new baby in!"

"And isn't your wife dead?"

"Not by a jugful. Don't yer make cradles for sale?"

"No, my friend, I am an undertaker."

"Undertaker of what?"

"I make coffins."

"Oh, Lord, let me catch the feller that sent me here!"

And the grief-stricken youth crammed his hat over his eyes, ran his hands down into the pockets of his trousers and pounced out on the streets searching for vengeance.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

Daniel Webster's Great Argument.

Of the way in which Mr. Webster prepared himself for a great legal argument, we have an account from the pen of his friend Mr. Ticknor:

In the spring of 1824, Mr. Webster was much concerned in the discussion then going on in the House of Representatives at Washington upon the tariff. One morning he rose very early—earlier even than was his custom—to prepare himself to speak upon it. From long before daylight till the hour when the House met, he was busy with his brief. When he was far advanced in speaking, a note was brought to him from the Supreme Court, informing him that the great case of "Gibbons vs. Ogden" would be called on for argument the next morning. He was astounded at the intelligence, for he had supposed that after the tariff question should have been disposed of he still would have ten days to prepare himself for this formidable conflict, in which the constitutionality of the laws of New York, granting a steamboat monopoly of its tidewaters, should be decided.

He brought his speech on the tariff to a conclusion as speedily as he could, and hurried home to make such preparations for the great law argument as the shortest notice would permit. He had then taken no food since his morning's breakfast; but instead of dining he took a moderate dose of medicine and went to bed and to sleep. At 10 P. M. he awoke, called for a bowl of tea, and, without other refreshment, went immediately to work. To use his own phrase, "the tapes had not been off the papers for more than a year." He worked all night, and, as he has told me more than once, he thought he never on any occasion had so completely free use of all his faculties. He hardly felt he had bodily organs, so entirely had his fasting and the medicine done their work. At 9 A. M., after eleven hours of continuous intellectual effort, his brief was completed.

He sent for the barber and was shaved; took a very slight breakfast of tea and crackers; he looked over his papers to see that they were all in order, and tied them up—he read the morning's journals, to amuse and change his thoughts, and then he went into court, and made that grand argument which, as Judge Wayne said above twenty years afterward, "released every creek and river, every lake and harbor in our country from the interference of monopolies." Whatever he may have thought of his powers on the preceding night, the court and the bar acknowledged their whole force that day. And yet at the end of five hours, when he ceased speaking, he could hardly be said to have taken what would amount to half the refreshment of a common meal, for above two and thirty hours, and, out of the thirty-six hours immediately preceding, he had for thirty-one been in a state of very high intellectual excitement and activity.

—A shrewd Indianapolis widow made her lover deposit $3,000 in the hands of a trustee on the morning of the wedding day, the money to be at her order for divorce purposes should she ever desire to take such action.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The California Calamity.

"The telegraphic wires from New York to San Francisco never bore a sadder message," wrote Warring Wilkinson, principal of the California Institution, to the *Annals* in the spring of 1873, when speaking of the death of that great man, his friend of many years, Harvey P. Peet, LL.D.

The telegraphic wires from San Francisco to New York never bore a sadder message than that a week or two ago announcing the total destruction by fire of that magnificent edifice, the buildings of the California Institution.

Totally destroyed! We can hardly realize it, and yet it is so. Suddenly and without warning, on a peaceful Sunday evening, the flames burst forth, and paused not until they had exhausted themselves and leveled to the ground the stately pile of a few hours before; then slumbering beneath the ruin and chaos they had wrought, they died away.

The deaf and the blind, alarmed at the unusual scene, escaped from the burning building, and saved themselves and the clothes they wore—nothing more. A few trifling fixtures of the school-room were saved; everything else went to satisfy the fierce demands of the fiery element.

Houseless and in distress, our California brothers and sisters command and receive our deepest sympathy. Temporary shelter has been provided for them in the neighborhood, but the pleasures and benefits of an institution home they will not know for sometime to come. It is a matter of much regret that the legislature will not be in session till next year, and it is doubtful if the work of rebuilding will commence till then. But this is no ordinary case, and we are sure Mr. Wilkinson, with his usual tact and energy, will find a way out of the difficulty.

California is wealthy, and she will never miss the additional outlay now required. Living in a vast expanse of country, world-renowned for its agricultural and mineral wealth, the deaf-mutes of California need never fear that the blessings of education for them have gone from their State forever. A short and temporary inconvenience they will have to bear, and before they know it they will be in a new and elegant building, fireproof this time, let us hope.

We expect that the citizens of San Francisco will come to the rescue. And they should, for they have been manifoldly blessed of late. Vast and rich veins of pure silver have been dicovered under the soil they were wont to tread; stocks have risen to fairy prices, and the poor man of yesterday is rolling in wealth to-day, even servants in families, wiser in speculation than their masters, have been elevated to comparative opulence. At such times the heart is full, and calls of benevolence are rarely repulsed. Let us hope, then, that, unsolicited and of their own free will, a few of the generous will band together and rear a structure. It will be a monument to their generosity, and a monument recalling the great silver discovery, and consequent prosperity of 1874-5.

Mr. Warring Wilkinson has passed through scenes of trouble and trial that have fallen to the lot of few men in his position, but he is not a man easily discouraged. He will rise with his institution, stronger and firmer from his last unhappy calamity, and when the history of deaf-mute instruction in America shall be written, his name will stand high and bright on its pages.

"Hope, only hope, of all that clings
Around us, never spreads her wings;
Love, though he quit this earthly chain,
Still whispers he will come again.
But faith that soars to seek the sky,
Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,
And find above the smoke and flame,
The cloudless azure whence they came."

The New York Central Institution.

We understand from the Utica *Herald* of Feb. 5th that the trustees of the Central New York Institution for Deaf Mutes, held a meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms yesterday. A majority of the members of the board were at the meeting, and considerable discussion was had in relation to the project, in which all the members took part. The following committees were appointed: On by-laws, B. J. Beach, B. W. Williams, A. C. Kessinger. On buildings, B. Huntington Wright, John G. Bissell, D. P. McHarg. The articles of incorporation having been approved and filed in the office of the Secretary of State, the matter begins to look like business. In all probability a suitable building will soon be found and rented, and the school got under headway as soon as possible. Rome is a good locality for institutions of learning of all kinds, owing to the railroad communication and the natural beauty of the city and surrounding country. Another meeting of the board was to be held on Saturday, at 3 P. M.

A November Surprise Party.

Some time last November, we received an interesting account of a surprise party to which the Rev. T. B. Berry, of Albany, was treated in honor of his birthday. But in a day or two, it was missed from the batch of our manuscripts, and strange to say, it has not yet been found, though we have searched for it from time to time. This being, however, a rare occurrence at our hands, we hope the writer will be generous enough to overlook it. But we can not let the matter be disposed of without inserting a short sketch of it from memory, gained by reading the original article upon its receipt.

On the 18th or 19th of November last, as Mr. Berry returned home in the evening, at about 7 o'clock, he found his house had been taken possession of by the deaf-mutes of Albany and Troy under the leadership of Miss E. D. Clapp, Mr. J. T. Southwick and Mr. W. T. Collins. They were adding to his gas and coal bills without asking his permission and, in fact, had every thing in the house at their disposal. After being taken completely by surprise, Mr. Berry was soon told the object of their transgression upon his premises and, by and by, was conducted to the dining-room, where a very handsome table was spread. There ice-cream, cake, fruit, fun and frolic combined to make a jolly time. Just as Mr. Berry was enjoying it most, he was made the happy recipient of a handsome leather valise, a good hint to "git up and git out" of Albany, and a pair of slippers. At a late hour the party dispersed, and we understand a very pleasant evening was enjoyed, by none more than Mr. Berry.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY
HENRY WINTER SYLE.

The Centennial.

"The Executive Committee of the Convention took action with regard to the Centennial at their January meeting, and will soon issue a circular to the institutions."

Thus writes our friend, the editor of the *Annals*.

We are glad to learn that simultaneously with our penning the appeal which appeared in the JOURNAL of Jan. 28th, a beginning was determined upon, and in the very way we recommended.

It will belong to the Home Department of the JOURNAL to publish the promised circular, and to chronicle the preparations made in response at the various American institutions.

For our own part, we hope to see another circular issued, extending to our fellow-laborers in the other quarters of the world, a special and cordial invitation to send contributions exhibiting the history, and present state of their methods of instruction.

We hope also to see arrangements made to bring together all the contributions of this character, from whatever land, in a single department of the International Exhibition, where they can be studied side by side.

To mention but one thing in which we can learn from our European colleagues—they and their predecessors have paid far more attention than we and ours to training in articulation, and have devised a great variety of appliances for assisting in this, such as charts and instruments. In some of them, for example, the Flame-Apparatus described below, and the instruments exhibited at a recent Visible-Speech Convention and described in the *Annals*, the latest discoveries in science have been followed up with admirable promptness, and remarkable ingenuity has been shown in the endeavor to make them of practical use.

A collection fairly and fully representing the actual practice of the profession in Europe, will possess deep interest. If it is once formed, we shall be very sorry to see it go out of the country again. The same commendable enterprise which has just obtained for the Columbia Institution, the valuable library of the late Dr. Charles Baker, of Doncaster, can, we are sure, be relied upon for an effort to secure this collection to keep it company. If any other institution is able and desirous to compete for the possession of such a prize, all the better. But we think the college decidedly the most centrl and appropiate depository.

There can be no doubt that a suitable invitation will meet a ready response. We can, from personal experience, attest the warm welcome given an American visitor at European schools; and in many other ways a very cordial feeling has always been shown toward the American branch of the profession. The display the latter made at Vienna, was so creditable to the institutions taking part in it, (though we regret they were so few, and that some which had not the excuse of distance from the place of shipping, held back or were "too late!") that we may look for an earnest effort to reciprocate the compliment.

No less than twenty-five different nations; including nearly all the great powers of Europe, have already signified to the U. S. government their formal acceptance of the official invitation to take part in the Centennial Exhibition. It is very likely that some of the various national exhibits thus promised will include contributions in our specialty without further notice or request.

The collection, however, will be far more completeand our own conduct much more graceful and honorable, if we take some pains in the matter.

Let us have a special invitation issued and widely circulated; and a permanent agency established, to keep the subject before the minds of our friends, and facilitate the reception of their contributions, and their arrangement together with our own.

The Executive Committee of American Instructors has not disappointed us in our hope that it would take the initiative towards a representation by its own constituents. We trust it will come equally well up to our expectations of its behavior towards our fellow laborers in other lands.

Flame-Apparatus for Producing Visible Representations of Sounds.

An apparatus of the above character was exhibited at the Copenhagen Educational Congress. Its essential parts were, a flame, such as a gas-jet; a tube which conveyed to it, and made it very sensitive to those movements, or "waves" in the air which acting on the ear, produce the sensation of sound; and a mirror to reflect the flame, turning on an upright stand.

Our readers who have not forgotten their school-days, will perhaps remember the mischevious delight they felt when they picked up a bit of a broken looking-glass. How they enjoyed holding it carefully in the palm of their hand some bright day, and casting dazzling reflections into the eyes of their class-mates. And how was their pleasure darkened, when their teacher suddenly caught them and confiscated the precious fragment!

Well, suppose the apparatus above described placed before a wall. Let the mirror remain at rest; a bright *spot* will be visible on the wall. Now let the mirror be revolved on its upright axis; when it turns fast enough, the *spot* will become a *line* of light, like the bright ring you see on whirling roundand round a match, blown out, but with the tip still glowing. While the flame burns steadily, this line will be straight and horizontal; but as the flame jumps up and down, its successive reflections will be at different heights on the wall, and the straight line will become a *curve*. In order to keep the reflection always visible on the same wall while the reflector revolves, the latter is not a single surface only, which would sometimes turn its back to the light, but a square box, with a mirror on each of its four sides.

Now, when you blow at a flame, it will flicker more or less according as you blow hard or gently. Somewhat (though not exactly) similarly, the movements of the air called "sound-waves," which are different for each sound, will have different effects upon the flame and consequently upon its reflection. Thus *each sound will produce its own peculiar curve of light.*

The inventor of this ingenious apparatus, thought that the deaf-mute could be greatly assisted in learning articulation by this new kind of "Visible Speech." For he could observe carefully what shape the curve took when his teacher uttered a certain sound—or, indeed, he might have pictures drawn by the teacher, of the curve corresponding to the different sounds. Then he could watch what kind of curve appeared when he himself tried to make the sound; and if it differed from the teacher's, he would know that he had not made it right and must try again.

Of course neither this nor any other device to *assist* in teaching articulation, can take the place of the living teacher to explain and suggest how to pronounce right.

Unfortunately it was found that the apparatus was *too* sensitive. It was differently affected, not only by different *sounds*, but also by different *voices*; thus a *bass* and a *tenor*, uttering the same letter, would produce different curves. (Our deaf-mute readers, who cannot understand musical terms, and would be bored by a long scientific explanation, can form some idea of this difference in *voices*, by comparing it to difference in *handwriting*. Two persons may each write what we see plainly to be the letter "A," but the marks they make on the paper will be very different in appearance; one round and bold, the other angular and stiff.) Consequently any change of teacher would puzzle the pupil; and the apparatus, however ingenious, is not likely to be applied to practical use.

We are not informed how much value our European friends put upon a deaf-mute's *eyesight*.

City or Country?

At the recent Congress of Scandinavian Educators, Director Faelkenborg read a paper, questioning whether the present system of training was not really prejudicial to the best interests of the pupils. The title of his essay extended it to all classes requiring special institutions; but his remarks referred only to the case of one, the deaf and dumb.

Mr. Faelkenborg was strongly of the opinion that the efforts to alleviate the lot of these classes, had taken a wrong direction.

Magnificent edifices were erected for institutions, contrasting forcibly, in their whole equipment, and in the management of the establishment, with the humble surroundings of the pupils at home. The young persons brought up under such circumstances became accustomed to having their wants provided for, and work done for them. When they returned home and especially when they left school, they became discontented, and were unfit to grapple with the difficulties they met, being unaccustomed to frugality and to enduring privations.

Such a result indicated that the benevolence manifested was really mistaken kindness—as the speaker exclaimed, sickly philanthropy.

The speaker's opinion was decidedly that the right place for an institution was in the country. It should occupy an ordinary simple country house, where the children could be brought up in the same daily employments which they were used to at home, and to which they must return. In this way only did he think the right kind of training could be given, the true aim attained.

An animated discussion followed, several of the Members of Congress supporting Mr. Fealkenborg, and others disagreeing with him. It was admitted that there was a great difference between the surroundings of pupils in their country homes and at a city institution; but it was maintained that the variety of objects collected in a large city, gave it great advantages as a place of education. When the "External-system" (that is, the plan of having day-pupils only, those from a distance, boarding out, that they were assembled only during school-hours) was adopted, a location in a city was indispensable.

In this country, the question has always been decided in favor of a situation *near*, if not *in*, a large city. The greater extent of territory for which a single school is provided, and the long distances many pupils must travel annually, make railroad communication a more important consideration here than where schools are more numerous in proportion to the population; and railway centres have been judged the most convenient locations. The American institutions being, moreover, mainly dependent upon annual legislative appropriations, it has been thought desirable to have them so near the capital of the State, that the members of the legislatures may, without inconvenience, be induced to take a personal interest in their welfare.

The same complaint has, however, been made here, that pupils, and especially the girls, after a long term at school, became unwilling and unable to take their share of daily duties at home. The subject certainly deserves attention.

Excellent Portraits.

Appended is an extract from the Geneva *Gazette* of Dec. 18th, in which it will be seen Mr. F. M. Tuttle, of that village has added another laurel to the reputation he has already won for his skill and accuracy in that line of business. Aside from the various testimonials Mr. Tuttle has received from the local press at different times, we have also received information directly from some of his admirers, which is enough to convince us that he is unquestionably capable of gratifying any one with an excellent life-like portrait on oil canvas.

Therefore we would advise all who desire to have an excellent portrait taken of himself or herself, to patronize him in preference to other artists in Central New York.

"Mr. F. M. Tuttle, our talented home artist, has just completed on canvas an excellent portrait of our distinguished townsman, Gen. Hillhouse. Mr. Tuttle has done most of his work on this portrait with only a photograph of his subject before him, taken when Mr. Hillhouse was Adjutant General of this State and in uniform as such, but so far as features are concerned there is scarcely a perceptible difference in the General as he appeared then and now, so gently does Time deal with him. As a work of art it is highly meritorious and justly adds to the well earned reputation of Mr. Tuttle in the profession. His time seems to be pretty well occupied in his studio, yet is anxious for further orders and we bespeak for him favorable consideration."

The following is taken from the same paper of Jan. 15th:

"The excellent portrait of Mr. Alfred Craven, brother of Admiral Craven painted by our accomplished home artist, F. M. Tuttle, and exhibited at Wilson's a short time ago, was forwarded to New York before New Year's day. Mr. Tuttle has at his studio on Main street several fine specimens of his artistic work, which it will please those to examine who have a taste for the fine arts."

Cold Weather.

We have just passed through the severest weather of the winter thus far, and it is devoutly to be hoped that nothing worse is coming. Intense cold, fierce winds, and flying snow have caused the streets to be nearly deserted, and men with a good stock of coal and wood have renewed their devotion to the family fireside. There it would have been very pleasant to stay only there was nothing to read. No New York mails came from Thursday morning to 10 o'clock Saturday night, and the train which brought it left Pulaski about 3 o'clock p. m. A wedding party was blockaded here, and a school teacher who came to see his "girl" had to prolong his visit much longer than he cared to stay. On Sunday morning the weather was clear and bright, but the thermometers in different localities stood anywhere between 20° below zero to 27° on the same side of nothing. On Monday morning the temperature at 5 o'clock was 11° below zero.

The above was written on Monday morning. In the afternoon another fall of snow began, and in the evening was quite heavy. Tuesday morning, about 7 o'clock, the temperature was 10° below zero.

This (Wednesday) morning, at seven o'clock, the thermometer stood 22° below zero.

Minor Topics.

Owing to a scarcity of water a fire in Newton, N. H., the other day, was extinguished with several barrels of cider.

As an instance of the depreciation of property in the oil regions, it is said that wells that once brought $250,000, can now be purchased for $15,000.

The total number of locomotive steam engines in the world is said to be 45,667, of which 14,223, or nearly one-third, are in the United States.

According to a French journal there are still living in France and its colonies 25,000 men who have fought under the first Napoleon.

It appears that £1,000 reward for a copy of a certain book about George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert is a hoax, and that there are several copies in this country. Some house probably contemplates republishing it.

The experiment of introducing English hares in Australia has proved most successful. Coursing has become a colonial sport, hares are plentiful, and English greyhounds of the best blood have been imported.

The Tilton-Beecher trial will cost Kings county about $20,000 for the expenses of the court; the newspaper expenses will be about $228,000; and the pay to lawyers and other expenses $50,000. Thus, the trial lasting twelve weeks, the cost will be about $300,000.

The sporting men of New York are said to have already staked thousands of dollars in betting upon the question of the verdict in the great scandal case. The majority incline to the belief that the jury will disagree.

Prof. Brown, of Syracuse, University, analyzed a quantity of beer obtained at a saloon in Syracuse, and it contained 13 per cent. of alcohol, while a quantity of whiskey obtained at the same saloon contained of alcohol only 9 per cent.

California has a net gain in emigration for the past year of 30,000 by overland and 16,000 by sea, making the largest addition to the population which the State has received in one year since the opening of the Pacific railroad.

There are four living queens of Spain, so called—Christine, widow of Ferdinand VII., who resides at Sainte Addresse, near Havre; Isabella II., mother of Alphonso XII.; the Duchess of Aosta, wife of Prince Amadeo, of the house of Savoy; and the wife of Don Carlos, who styles himself Charles VII.

Somebody has figured out the interesting fact that the total amount of State, county, city and town taxes collected in the United States in 1870 was $280,591,000, which was about $7 a head for the entire population. The total amount of these taxes collected in 1860 was $94,186,000, which was about $3 a head for the entire population. It cost, therefore, more than twice as much to take care of a man in his State, county and municipal relations in 1870 as it did ten years before. This does not include the Federal taxation.

Of the 178,356 men composing the British regular army, 10,724 cannot read or write. The Prussian draft 1873–74 for the army of the German empire numbered 83,333 young men, of whom 3,324 had no education whatever. The recruits for the Austro-Hungarian army numbered 91,531 young men, of whom 51,514 were not able to read and write. Thus, one British soldier in every seventeen, one Prussian soldier in every twenty-five, and one Austrian soldier in every two, is entirely ignorant of the elements of education.

The University of Oxford (Eng.,) has an income of £47,000; the colleges and halls, £336,000; the University of Cambridge, £34,000; the colleges and halls £306,000. For the year 1871, Exeter College, at Oxford, with an income of £14,000, had from 170 to 180 undergraduates; Merton, with £17,000 a year, had 54 undergraduates; and Baliol, with £8,000 a year, had 145. At cambridge, Trinity College, with £53,000 a year, had 445 undergraduates; King's, with £34,000, had 310; and Corpus, with £9,000, had 130. Oxford has 350 fellowships, with an average value of £560 a year; while Cambridge has 340, with an average value of £280. Oxford has in all 24 colleges, and Cambridge 17. The average income of a head of a house at Oxford is about £1,600, and at Cambridge about £1,200. Oxford also spends some £25,000 a year on professorships, and Cambridge only £17,000.

A gossipy correspondent says: Speaking of Johnson recalls Brownlow, who is to the Senate what Stephens was to the House. Attendants carry him twice a day to and from his chair at the extreme left of the President's desk, close to the door. There he sits, pale attenuated, ghostly, never speaking, never smiling, voting by signs and apparently lifeless, save for the perpetual quiver and twitch of a terrible palsy. Such is "Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee."

Murder in the First Degree.

The protracted trial of Owen Lindsay, in Syracuse, on charge of murder, was brought to a close last Friday, the Jury rendering a verdict, guilty of murder in the first degree.

The prisoner was at once sentenced to be hung on the 26th day of March.

The prisoner received the verdict and the sentence without manifesting the least emotion, but his wife, who was with him in court was convulsed with the overwhelming shock, and clung to her husband in frantic grief.

The prisoner's counsel will apply for a writ of error with the purpose of obtaining a new trial.

THE SENTENCE.

Judge Hardin, in firm, impressive tones, then proceeded to address the prisoner, as follows:

You stand convicted before this Court of Oyer and Terminer of the highest crime known to the laws of the State of New York, whose citizen you have been. That conviction is the result of a trial that has been almost unexampled in this county, in its length and in the zeal and industry that has been bestowed on it in your behalf. An indictment has been found against you by the Grand Jury of this county, charging you with the high crime of murder in the first degree, in that on the 18th day of December, 1873, you feloniously, with an axe in your hand, in the barn of your father, Daniel Lindsay, in the town of Van Buren, sent to another world Francis A. Colvin. That indictment was brought into this court and a jury lawfully and cautiously empanelled; counsel able and zealous, distinguished, numerous and of great intellectual power and force, have presented to twelve of your peers all the considerations in your behalf that were within their command. The evidence of the people, patiently, anxiously, painfully, and that evidence has been weighed and considered by the twelve gentlemen who sat upon the traverse of this issue, and the result has been that the evidence has produced upon the minds of those twelve intelligent, honest and conscientious citizens of the county of Onondaga, the full, settled, and complete judgment that you are guilty of that high offense; that you have caused the death of a fellow citizen without provocation and without circumstances that mitigate in the least the violation of the law.

We do not know what has been your private life, your previous career and character; that has not been divulged to us. It is not important that it should have been. It is not important that we should take that into consideration in disposing of your case. Your career has doubtless been paralleled by none in this county. You are a person of intelligence, of friends, of family ties and of surroundings that are not common to all men. This crime was not perpetrated in the heat of passion, so far as any disclosure is made by this evidence; but an innocent, unsuspecting, unoffending individual was the victim of your premeditated, deliberate design, and the result of your action has been to send him, unwarned, to another world. It is useless to multiply words to one standing in your position. We have no occasion for inflicting suffering upon your feelings further than the judgment of the law inflicts it. We have no occasion to cause additional grief to your relatives and friends by any words of ours. Ours is now rather the language of sympathy, but there must be for an offended law punishment, or the law ceases to be the protection of the rights of citizens.

So far as every member of this court is concerned, every indulgence that the rules of evidence and the principles of law authorizes, has been given in your case. Whenever there has been a reasonable doubt in the minds of the court in respect to evidence that might militate against you in respect to its propriety, the benefit of that doubt has been given to you and to your case.

There remains for us but little more to add. We are but the servants of the law. It is our duty to impose upon you the highest penalty which the statutes provide for any offence commited within the State of New York. You may cherish the hope that this sentence may be escaped, that the conviction may be reversed; but it is not inappropriate that you should be warned that hope may be delusive. You doubtless have hoped during these months of your incarceration, and during these days of your trial, that the result might be otherwise. You have met with disappointment. You ought now to prepare to meet with furthur disappointment for the sentence that is about to be pronounced is likely to be executed in your case. An opportunity will be given for review, and if any error has been committed by the court in your case, none will be more gratified than each member of the court that that error shall be corrected by a reversal of the sentence.

But we caution you against depending upon that hope. You should look to another source of immunity from the great crime which you have committed. It has been the law of all civilized nations for years and centuries that "whosover sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." There is wisdom in this. There is safety in it. There seems to be no other means provided or known by men to guard fully and thoroughly the interests of the public. The sentence of the court in your case, upon this indictment, that you be taken to the jail in this county, and there cosely confined until the 26th of March, 1875, and that there within its walls or the enclosure surrounding it, you be by the Sheriff of the county of Onondaga, *hanged by the neck, until you are dead, dead, dead*, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and three in the afternoon of that day, and may the Father of us all have mercy on your soul.

COLOSSE.

It was Dr. Taylor, of Parish, instead of Dr. Green, who administered medicine to Mrs. Bristol, of whom I wrote last week.

The sick of Colosse are all improving, except poor Julius Jaquin, who, though he seemed better, is again in a critical condition. His disease is so complex, and deep seated, no medical skill will be likely to save him to the enjoyment of good health.

The committee appointed to solicit aid for my suffering friends in Nebraska, entered the field with coats off and sleeves rolled up; and from the coats and sleeves brought in to the box, we conclude they must have induced others to "off coat" and "roll sleeves." They were substantials: Coats, pants, vests, hats, caps, boots, shoes, underwear for men, women and children, comforters, quilts, sheets, sheeting, prints, woolen goods, dried apples, dried berries and garden seeds, &c. The whole in box weighed 490 lbs. Last Tuesday the goods were taken to the Parish depot, and are to be shipped by express to Kearney, Neb., free; but, in order to a good start, they must go to New York city.

Ah, sir! Bro. Humphries, you said of us a few weeks ago, "A Social People." Now, sir, we are not only a "social people," but a *benevolent* people. An impartial estimate, by competent judges, made these goods and money (a little) foot up $125, and we venture the same real worth cannot be purchased in Nebraska for $150. Is not this generous, in these hard times? The contributions were double what we anticipated. We will wait, however, for happy hearts to weigh and measure, and to respond; for, although the scourge may have severed them from America, yet we opine there are good judges of good things over

If every community would respond as in Grasshopperdom.

nobly as has *my people* (for I can but call them my people), very soon want and distress would be numbered with past events, and the thousands blessed shall answer back from honest hearts the royal *Thank you.*

E. D. PHILLIPS.

Colosse, Feb. 4, 1875.

The Accident on the Syracuse Northern Railroad.

Our Sandy Creek correspondent, after telegraphing a brief statement of the accident on the Syracuse Northern Railroad last week, despatched a letter giving fuller particulars, which letter, owing to the storm's detentions, did not reach us till yesterday morning. He gives the following additional statements of the circumstances and injuries:

Engineer Frank Roberts, of Lacona, on the engine going south, was seriously cut and bruised about the head and neck by being pitched through the window of the cab—he is probably disfigured for life; E. Kenyon, Lacona, brakeman, thumb smashed and otherwise injured; Collector L. J. Cole, Lacona, was on the engine and had his wrist dislocated, one leg badly bruised, and a severe cut on the head; Thomas Mansfield, Lacona, workman, seriously hurt internally; John Snyder, engineer of the train, bruised, but not seriously; J. C. Deyo, Jackson, Michigan, wounded seriously about the head, and hip badly bruised; J. B. Harding, Lacona, slight bruises; a little girl, name unknown, was thrown from the seat to the floor, and received injuries about the forehead.

The fireman on the up train was the same one who went into the river at Brewerton last year, on the same road, when a train went down through an open drawbridge. On this occasion he saw a collision impending and escaped by jumping into a snow bank.

Supt. Moak, of the R. W. & O. RR., sent a wrecking train from that road, and cleared the wreck promptly.—*Osw. Palladium.*

The estimated loss by damage to the engines involved in the late collision near Sandy Creek, is $12,000.

The Paddock Failure.

The Watertown Dispatch says:

We understand that yesterday George F. Paddock submitted to his friends a statement of his affairs enumerating his assets and stating his ability to pay a certain percentage of his indebtedness. The substance of the statement is this: He offers to pay to the creditors of the bank 30 cents on the dollar; to his own individual creditors 50 cents on the dollar; to the collectors—ward and town—who deposited the proceeds of their tax levies in that bank—(some $75,000)—the full amount so deposited. We are informed that if this compromise is accepted by the creditors, all sums under $500 due creditors will be paid in cash; over that amount ten per cent. cash and ten per cent. every three months thereafter until the sum in compromise shall have been paid up.

Rome has a "Tilton-Beecher" case in prospect. A young man 28 years old brings suit against a prominent citizen of Rome for criminal conversation with plaintiff's wife, who is said to be very pretty. The wife denies the imputation, and has commenced a suit for divorce against her husband.

—The Palladium says this has been the coldest weather in twelve years—over 200 degrees below zero. Ugh!

Cayuga Notes.

"Your mother's well, I hope."
"Oh, she's as usual."
"And Miss G—— ?"
"She's as usual, too. Everyone, everything is as usual. Nothing ever happens in this benighted town."

The above conversation pretty correctly describes this locality, so if you don't get much news, you must not marvel thereat. Monotonies are always broken, and we have not yet discovered the rule that hadn't an exception, and so there is something to write about this time. Coming to think of it, since the new year is well under way, the proverbial new leaf is turning over.

Among his Christmas presents, Mr. W. J. Nelson received a very fine set of chessmen, and he and your correspondent are having lots of games all to themselves. He believes in a game of chess, he does, and prefers it to all other indoor games.

Mr. Preist, of Lavanna, has been absent in the western part of the State and in Pennsylvania the last two months. He is now back and is looking well. We understand he was quite successful in the business that called him away.

We have had a heavy fall of snow, heavy for us, but up in your arctic region you would doubtless call it light. But what we lack in snow we make up in wind, and if you come this way, be sure your hat is a size too small and don't forget your wraps and other head gear. One gets used to things in time, and a strong north-wester is endured contentedly. Mr. Taber lives way up, up on a table-land and has heaps and heaps of snow about him, but if he should venture down this way in a cutter, the chances are that he would have a hard time of it making his way over the hard, frozen ground; by which you, of course, understand that snow with us, is one of those things too good to last.

Mr. Jacob Deshong talks of going West before long, not as an emigrant, but on a visit. He means to take Chicago on his way, and see what the mutes are up to there. If he goes, he will doubtless come back chock full of news.

New Year's was a most pleasant day for the gentlemen outside and the ladies indoors. None of your New York slush, mud, mire, thunder, lightning (Jersey and otherwise), but everything bright, clear, agreeable and temperate. K.

Troy Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The projected "Deaf-Mutes' Club" is no longer a thing of the future. It was formally organized Wednesday evening, Jan. 27th, at St. Paul's chapel, on State St., under the title "Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Club." For this prompt action thanks are due chiefly to Mrs. W. H. Gould, who interested some prominent Episcopal ministers in the place. They immediately offered a room in the chapel for the meetings.

Among those present at the organization of the club, were Mr. Berry, Mr. Dauchy, Mr. Southwick, of Albany, W. T. Collins, Mrs. Gould and her daughter, C. A. Smith, H. H. Brown, J. C. Ritter, J. M. Witbeck, Misses Schutt and Maxwell, Mrs. Fosmire and her bright little son, Miss Clapp, John Saxton, and others. The officers elected for the winter were,

President, Mr. John T. Southwick.
Vice President, Wm. T. Collins.
Secretary, Miss E. D. Clapp.
Treasurer, James M. Witbeck.
Janitor, James C. Ritter.

Mr Berry, who had come from Albany for the sake of attending the meeting, said that Rev. Mr. Harrison, of St. Paul's church, offered the room for the exclusive use of the club-members. It will be open every evening for the gentlemen, and the young ladies are to be invited once every month. A special meeting of the entire club is to be held every Wednesday.

Our best wishes for the prosperity of the club. "May it live long and prosper." CHRIS.

California Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. EDITOR:—It always affords me pleasure to write something for your paper; but while enjoying a few days' sport in the country, I did not have an opportunity of knowing how the pupils in this noble institution enjoyed themselves. I was told that they did have jolly times, and therefore I can imagine how happy they were on Christmas and New Year's Day. My quotation from Irving is as follows:

"But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good, gray old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing I cannot have more of him."

The hue and cry after Christmas, Christmas, has come and gone, and as the principal gave all the teachers and pupils a week's vacation for recreation, about forty of them strode with their valises or bundles to the horse-car track, anticipating a good time at home; but a few of them, long-faced, did not receive any presents from our dear "Santa Claus." The rest, while staying in this institution, were entertained by the principal with a good dinner of such luxuries as turkey with cranberry sauce, followed by mince pies, &c., which was served at 3 o'clock p. m. Teachers dined at 4:30. At 5:30 the boys adjourned to the girls' sitting room and participated in a great variety of games and plays, with which they were much delighted. At 8 o'clock the boys and girls proceeded by couples to the dining hall, which looked unusually attractive, and where refreshments, consisting of fruit, candies, cake, ice cream, &c., were spread in profusion. After donning their paper caps, which came in bon bons, they again went to the sitting room, where the fun continued till after 9 o'clock. All had a merry Christmas. After the day was over, they felt so dull that they did not like to work; but Prof. Wilkinson required them to work till dinner time. Then, in the afternoon, he permitted some of the boys to go down town, pleasure-seeking. When the days of the holiday week were over most of the pupils were fresh and vigorous with rest and, returning here, resumed their usual duties.

Mr. Foland Fowler enjoyed a pleasant trip to San Jose, and when there had a jolly time. He visited the county jail where he saw the notorious bandit, Tiburcio Vasquez, who gave him his autograph and also a specimen of his poetry.

All the pupils have been vaccinated by our physician, Dr. Selfridge.

The meeting of the Board of Directors was held here on the first Tuesday of this month. Prof. W. Wilkinson invited them to the chapel where he distributed the Roll of Honor to those whose behavior for a month had been good, and introduced Rev. Mr. Hamilton, who made a short, pleasant speech to the pupils, the professor translating it to them. The minister said that he would like to see all the pupils so good as to be on the *Roll of Honor* every month.

The election of the officers of the Excelsior Literary Society took place in the girls' sitting room on the 8th inst., and resulted as follows: Charles T. Smith, President; Mary E. Wright, Vice President; Theodore Grady, Secretary; Theophilus d' Estrella, Treasurer, (re-elected), and Edwin Colby, Sergeant-at-arms.

The members of this society agreed that seven judges should be elected to hold office for three months, whose duty it should be to look at the arguments, given by the members, prudently, and vote on the question. This was done because it was found that the old way of having all the members vote on the question did not work well. The following are the names of these judges: Charles T. Smith, Theophilus d' Estrella, James C. Harlan, Theodore Grady, Mary E. Wright, Annie Warren, and Charlotte Budd. They will take the oath, solemnly promising that they will faithfully discharge the duties of their office to the best of their knowledge and ability, according to Article II, by-Laws. We will debate the following: "That the valleys are preferable to the mountains," on the 21st inst.

H. F.

Berkeley, Jan. 16th, 1875.

A Trip to Jackson.

(From the Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror.)

In response to an invitation from the "Deaf-Mute Christian Association," of Jackson, I left Flint Saturday morning, January 30th. At Holly a change of cars became necessary, so I stepped off. It was not long ere our train was made up and ready to go, and then we were whirling along the snow-clad earth, over bridges, steep embankments, through deep cuts, past ice-bound lakes, thrifty farms, and nice comfortable looking farm-houses, until we had reached a point midway between Northville and the first station north when our engine, the H. C. Potter, became disabled for fast running by a broken tire, while rounding a sharp curve. The train stopped a while, and then proceeded slowly at the rate of six miles an hour until we reached the above named village. There we remained over three hours waiting for another engine; and such wearisome waiting without any thing to enliven the slowly passing time!

At last the expected engine came thundering up, and was soon hitched on to the train. Then there was some high speed over the rails until we arrived at Wayne, at which place I had hoped to make immediate connection with a train over the Michigan Central. But owing to the detention spoken of I could not. There was no passenger train until seven o'clock in the evening. Here was a dilemma. I was expected to deliver a lecture at that time, and Jackson was over fifty miles away. I thought of getting on a freight train, but was told that conductors, on that road were strictly forbidden to allow passengers to ride on freight trains. One thing was left for me to do, and it was to telegraph to Supt. Ledyard for special permission to ride on one. I stated the reasons for asking and, contrary to my expectation, permission was most cheerfully granted. The train came in the moment the answer was received, and I got aboard; and such slow riding! I hope I may never be obliged to ride on a freight train again. I did not get to the Junction, at Jackson, until eight. There I took an engine that was going down, and after a rapid and thundering ride of three minutes reached the depot. I found my friends there awaiting my arrival. After exchanging the customary greetings and talking a few minutes, it was found to be too late in the night to deliver the lecture. Its delivery was postponed to the following evening.

I remained with Mr. and Mrs. Borden during my stay in Jackson and through their hospitalities and those of my other friends, my stay there was rendered extremely pleasant.

On Sunday we had services at the Episcopal Church at a quarter past one o'clock p. m. There were fourteen present who were mutes. There were also several speaking persons present. In the evening at 7 o'clock I lectured at Mr. Kerr's residence, on the "Excellence of Character." There were present on this occasion sixteen mutes.

At midnight I left Jackson, and by eleven the following morning reached Flint.

The following lines were written us to be added to the above:

Among those present at the gathering was Mr. Ransom A. Goodell, formerly connected with the High Class at your Institution. For the past three years he has been residing in Minnesota, where he has accumulated property, in the shape of two fine forty acre tracts of heavily timbered land. He has removed to his former home at Grass Lake, Jackson Co., Michigan, to engage in the manufacture of a patent improved churn. Being an energetic young man, possessing business qualifications and a good education, he will succeed in his new undertaking.

The secretary of the Association, Mr. Charles B. Hibbard, has but recently taken up his residence in Jackson. He expects soon to obtain a position as clerk in one of the County offices, at a good salary.

Mr. Marcus H. Kerr, the mute artist, is doing a flourishing business in his line notwithstanding the stringency of the times. He has earned a very good reputation as an artist. There are very few residences in the city whose walls are not adorned with specimens of his artistic skill.

I was shown a letter written to one of the mute residents by one Wm. Towers, from Louisville, Ky., which would seem to contradict the story, widely circulated, of his having been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in the Illinois State prison at Joliet. Since the report gained currency, he has been traveling under the assumed name of William Everett, at least he confesses so. He spoke pretty well of his success in his business, the nature of which we presume is very familiar to your readers M.

Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, at Romney, W. Va.

INTERESTING CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES—PROGRESS OF THE INSTITUTION.

(From the Wheeling Register.)

ROMNEY, W. VA., January, 1875.
Editors of the Register.

I ask the space in your valuable paper for a brief account of the Christmas and New Year's amusements at this institution. Believing as I do, that the people of the State must feel a deep interest in the poor unfortunates who are cared for and educated in this institution, and that all which is done to make life pleasant to them, and to confer amusement and enjoyment upon them, will be gladly read by all, I feel sure that this communication will be cheerfully published.

The happy thought of having a Christmas tree in the evening of the 24th of December last, for the benefit of the pupils, was conceived some months since; and with the aid of some of the friends of the pupils, and particularly of Mr. Henry Poindexter, of Wheeling, who raised a subscription among the citizens of Wheeling the sum of $49 for that purpose, presents were bought, and on the night of the 24th ult., quite a number of the citizens of this place assembled to witness the scene.

A large cedar tree, laden with toys and presents of every description, and brightly illuminated with wax candles, was placed in the chapel, and when all was ready the pupils were marched in to see it, and to receive the presents destined for them. One of the large pupils, representing Santa Claus, appeared upon the scene, and distributed to each scholar a present of some kind. The joy which shone in the countenances of these poor children, and to which they gave expression through their sign language, made a deep and pleasant impression on all present, and could those of your city who so generously contributed to this festivity, have witnessed the amusement and pleasure of the pupils on the occasion, they would have felt fully and richly repaid for all they had done.

Great credit is due to Miss Lucy White, one of the teachers of the institution, and the prime mover and principal manager of the affair, for its complete success and for thus giving these children a treat which will be long and pleasantly remembered by them.

On the evening of the 31st ult., under the management of the Principal and teachers, a public entertainment, comprising tableaux, charades, &c., with vocal and intrumental interludes was given in the chapel to a crowded audience. The first tableau, "The Harvest Scene —Ruth and Boaz," was the most beautiful scene of the evening, Mollie Pickens, a lovely deaf-mute, representing the character of Ruth, and George Layton, a noble looking and handsome deaf-mute, that of Boaz.

Then followed "The Winter Scene," "The Miseries of a Milliner," "The Captives," "Whispering Angels," and "Gipsy Fortune Telling," all of which were complete successes. The characters in these scenes were represented almost entirely by the deaf-mutes.

After these tableaux a charade, "Misfortune," was performed, which afforded great entertainment to all present. The characters were Miss Lucy White, as "Mrs. Green," Miss Avery Covelle, the lovely and accomplished daughter of the principal, as "Seraphina Green, a very fashionable young lady," Miss Lizzie Wilson, as "Betsey, Maid of all work; Mr. E. M. Gilkeson, as Augustus Green —a lisping dandy;" and Mr. Robt. Ferguson, as Alphonso Cautcumetoglio, a "French Dancing Master." The acting was decidedly good, every character being thoroughly sustained throughout the three acts of the charade.

Two duets—"Norma and The Cousins," were sung by Misses Lizzie and Annie Wilson, and a solo—"The Low Back Car," by Webster, a blind pupil, and added very much to the pleasures of the occasion. Miss Annie Covelle recited Tennyson's "May Queen" with true pathos, and with such effectiveness as to bring tears to the eyes of many of the audience.

The musical part of the entertainment was under the management of Mr. Cornelia Wilson, the accomplished music teacher of the institution, and contributed largely to the pleasantness of the occasion.

The performances closed with the singing and acting of an amusing song called "Johnny Smoker," which elicited the most hearty and repeated applause. These two entertainments were grand successes, and those who contributed their time, energies and means to make them so, deserve the highest commendation for the pleasure which they gave to all who attended them, but especially for the happiness they conferred upon the unfortunate classes congregated in this Institution.

The Institution is now in a most prosperous condition, and bids fair soon to become *the* pride and ornament of the State. The principal, Maj. J. C. Covelle, is in every respect, fitted for the position he fills. He is a gentleman of most excellent business capacity and large experience in his profession, and has the welfare and good of the pupils thoroughly at heart. Under his efficient management, assisted by Mr. D. R. Williams, the deservedly popular and faithful Steward, this institution, in the short space of four months, has made unexampled progress in the right direction. The building is now heated by steam, lighted by gas and supplied with a full quantity of water brought from a spring on the mountain about one and a half miles distant. There are workshops under proper superintendence in which the pupils are taught the different mechanical trades, such as tailoring, shoe making, carpentering, broom making, &c., and from these shops quite a respectable revenue is yielded. The teachers of the institution, as far as I am informed, are without exception, efficient and faithful in the performance of their duties. They are Mr. Robert Furguson, late of the Louisiana institution, speaking male teacher; Mr. H. Chidester, mute male teacher; Misses Lucy White and Lulu M. Kerr, female teachers; Miss Maggie Blue, of Wheeling, Governess, Mr. H. H. Jonhson, teacher of the blind, and Mrs. Cornelia Wilson, Music teacher. Miss Martha McClellan is the matron and is beloved by the pupils for her kindness to them and her many other excellent qualities.

The state may well be proud of the progress which this institution is making and can make no better appropriation of its means, than in using them to foster it and make it what it should be. Its objects are grand and should enlist the sympathies of all. It seeks to give intellectual light and knowledge to the darkened minds of these unfortunates, and to prepare and educate them to hold communication with each other and their fellow men. It seeks to fit them for useful lives on earth and point them the way to Heaven. May West Virginia never prove derelict in her duty to this institution. L.

News of the Week.

The arrivals last week at Castle Garden numbered 878.

Ex-Governor and Senator William A. Buckingham died at his home in Norwich, Ct., at midnight, Thursday.

The Marquis of Hartington has been elected leader of the Liberal party in England.

The United States Senate passed the bill appropriating $25,000 to defray the expenses of entertaining King Kalakaua.

A majority report of the committee on Arkansas affairs recommended no interference by the government; a minority report recommended Brooks' restoration.

It appears that the sewing machine lobbyists will not secure an extension of patents this session.

A disastrous fire visited the Shaker community at Mount Lebanon, Saturday.

The morning train for Albany at 6:45 o'clock Saturday was thrown from the track by a broken rail over the State road culvert, two miles north of Binghampton. The palace car was thrown thirty feet and smashed to pieces. Two coaches and a baggage car left the track. There were only a few passengers on board. Some were bruised and scratched, but none seriously.

Angus Cameron, Republican, has been elected United States Senator from Wisconsin in place of Senator Carpenter.

It is intimated that duty must be paid on the diamonds sent to Mrs. Fitch. The amount is about $75,000, and the bother is to pay it.

It is stated that $209,000 worth of goods have been smuggled from Montreal into the States during a single day.

The Rev. Dr. De Koven, of Racine College, has been elected Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Illinois.

Saturday the Pope gave a reception to an American party, including members of the late Gen. Lee's family, Miss Mason, and ladies from Baltimore.

The receipts from customs in Canada the past fiscal year were considerably in excess of those of previous years.

Mrs. John Graybeck, Kearney Junction, Nebraska, killed her step-daughter, aged 4, Friday.

A basket of flowers was placed on Mr. Butler's desk, Saturday, and remained there till adjournment, with a card, on which was written, "Justice to all is equality before the law. The country owes you its gratitude. From a friend in New York."

John O. McCormick, a wealthy citizen of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, was murdered for money, Friday.

In the ice boat race at Poughkeepsie, Saturday, the fastest time was 3½ miles in four minutes.

Wm. Mathews, his wife and child, while temporarily staying at the house of a friend, in Philadelphia, on Friday night, were overcome by coal gas from the stove in the chamber. The child was found dead and Mathews and wife insensible. Mathews has recovered somewhat, but his wife still suffers from the effect, and, it is feared will not recover.

The President has nominated John G. Routt Governor of Colorado.

In the Senate, Monday, a message from the President was presented, sustaining Brooks in Arkansas and submitting that the constitution was unlawfully overthrown in 1874.

On the 10th a party of Mexicans and Americans attacked the Wescalero Indians in New Mexico, killing several and stealing sixty horses; the United States troops gave chase but failed to capture any of the raiders; subsequently the Indians fled to the mountains, and two squaws who were sent after them were murdered and scalped by Mexicans.

The loss by the fire at Shaker Village, Mount Lebanon, Saturday, was $150,000. The property destroyed was the dwelling house of the Church family with a large quantity of provisions and household goods, a barn with hay, grain and one yoke of cattle, a carriage house, wood house, two shops, another carriage house and two sheds.

Meteorology.

Meteorology for January, 1875:—Highest barometer 30.07 in.; lowest 29.12 in.; average, 7 a. m., 29.57 in.; 2 p. m., 29.85 in.; 9 p. m., 29.54 in.; mean 29.54 in.; highest temberature 32° Fah.; lowest (below zero,) 6°; average, 7 a. m., 13.00°; 2 p. m., 20.83°; 9 p. m., 14.93°; mean 16.33°.

This has been the coldest January since 1868.

Snow fall on twenty-one days; amount of snow fell 30½ inches.

Three days clear, six fair, and twenty-two cloudy.

Winter has been holding its own with its iron sway for over two months. No rain of any account having fallen since November. The ground contains little water, and the domestic supply is exhausted.

E. B. BARTLETT.

Palermo, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1875.

Bishop F. D. Huntington

Will hold divine service at Grace church (Episcopal), in this village, on Sunday night, Feb. 14th. Service to commence at 7 o'clock.

☞ The bill in relation to the powers of Boards of Supervisors in the several counties of the State, in the election or appointment of railrod Commissioners, introduced in the Assembly by Mr. Ely, as follows:

SECTION 1. The Boards of Supervisors in each of the several counties of the State, in which railroad Commissioners are now elected or appointed under existing laws, are hereby empowered and authorized to determine whether such commissioners shall be elected by the said boards, or shall be appointed by the county judge of said county, or shall be elected by electors of the several towns therein respectively. The manner of such appointment or election shall be uniform for all the towns in any one county.

§ 2. If the determination be, that such commissioners be elected by the electors of the several towns, they shall be elected at the same time and in the same manner as other town officers are elected.

§ 3. The Commissioners so elected or appointed, in pursuance of such determination of said boards, shall have the same powers, discharge the same duties, and hold office for the same terms as now provided by law, in relation to each of said counties, or in relation to the respective towns therein.

Butter and Cheese.

The Butter and Cheese Exchange, New York, Feb. 9, adopted the following, as recommended by the committee on credits:

Resolved, That from and after March 1, 1875, the sales of butter and cheese, in the absence of special agreement, should be made for cash, and the bill due immediately, but the courtesy of trade on these articles shall be ten days. Of egg sales, the same rule shall apply as on butter and cheese, except that the courtesy of trade shall not exceed seven days. On cheese sold for export bills shall be due each week on steamer day as is now the custom.

FULTON, FEB. 5.—We are pained to announce the suspension of business of George Salmon & Son, tanners, of this place. Yesterday an assignment of the property was made to Mr. Amos Youmans, assistant cashier of the First National Bank. Facts are not sufficiently developed to determine the extent of the failure. Street rumors say it is bad. An inventory of the property is now in progress and soon the public will know the extent of liabilities and amount of assets the firm has to cover them. It is hoped the embarrassment will be only temporary as it will swell the already large number of people who are out of employment this rugged winter.—*Cor. Osw. Times.*

—On the afternoon of the 15th inst., will occur the annual meeting of the New York State Dairymen's Association in the Board of Trade rooms at Little Falls. The business of the meeting will consist of the election of a new board of officers for the ensuing year, and arrangements for a series of meetings to occur during the spring, to discuss dairy and agricultural topics.

—A great many people cannot indulge in the luxury of eating buckwheat cakes, for the reason that it causes a rash to appear on the skin, that some folks call the itch. A chemist now says that most delicate persons can eat buckwheat cakes to repletion by using a small quantity of sulphate of magnesium in the sponge. One teaspoonful each morning in the batter, well stirred in, will suffice for a family of eight or ten persons.

—A thickness of newspapers between the bedquilts will help wonderfully to keep you warm these cold nights. "Now is the time to subscribe."

—A touching obituary: "He knew the value of an editor's time, and never trespassed long upon it." Peace to his ashes.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

EVERY DEPARTMENT WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.,

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

Postage Free.

Subscribers for the JOURNAL have no Postage to pay.

We shall pay the postage on every paper that we mail. This does not increase the price of the paper; it remains the same.

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TERMS.

One Copy one year, in advance,	-	$1 50
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☞ These prices are invariable. Remit by draft, post office money order, or registered letter.

Address
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

The Best Cow in Peril.

The following, which we publish by request, was read, a few nights since, before the Grangers of the Eureka Lodge at Red Mills:

Old farmer B. is a stingy man,
He keeps all he gets, and he gets all he can;
By all his friends he is said to be
As tight as the bark on a young birch tree;
He goes to church, and he rents a pew,
But the dimes that he gives to the Lord are few;
If he gets to heaven with the good and great,
He will be let in at the smallest gate.

Now, farmer B., besides drags and plows,
Keeps a number of very fine calves and cows;
He makes no butter, but sends by express
The milk to the city's thirstiness.

"What do the city folks know about milk?
They are better judges of cloth and silk;
Not a man who buys, I'd vow, can tell
If I water it not, or water it well.
If they do not know, then where's the sin?
I will put the sparkling water in."
Thus talked to himself old Farmer B.;
How mean he is, young and old can see.

One night it was dark, oh, fearfully dark;
The watch dog never came out to bark;
Old Farmer B. in his bed did snore,
When rap, rap, rap, nearly shattered his door,
And a voice cried out with a hasty breath,
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death!"

Clipping off the end of a rousing snore,
Farmer B. bounded out on the bedroom floor;
And the midnight voice was heard no more.
He pulled on his pants he knew not how,
For his thoughts were all on the choking cow;
He flew to the yard like a frightened deer,
For his stingy soul was filled with fear;
Looking around by his lantern's light,
He found that the cows were there all right.

"I will give a dime," cried Farmer B.,
"To know who played that trick on me;
May the hand be stiff and the knuckle be sore
That knocked to-night on my farm house door."

With a scowl on his face and a shaking head,
Farmer B. again sought his nice, warm bed;
No good thoughts came, they were all o'erpowered;
The little good nature he had, had soured.

When he went to water his milk next day,
The midnight voice seemed again to say,
As he pumped away with panting breath:
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."
The meaning of this he soon found out,
For a stone was driven in the old pump's spout.

Old Farmer B., when he drives to town;
Now meets his neighbors with a savage frown;
They smile, and ask, as they kindly bow,
"How getteth along the best cow now?"

☞ A singular clerical dispute is reported from Newcastle-under-Lyne, in England. The Rev. Mr. Veale, the rector, who had let his house and cure to Archdeacon Matthias, on Saturday, Jan. 16, entered with six men, took possession, and barricaded the house. At first the Archdeacon refused to leave, and was restricted to one room. He drew up his food in a basket with a rope through the window. The Mayor and leading men of the town met, but could decide on nothing. On Sunday the Archdeacon was hunted from room to room by the rector and his attendants. Having been assaulted by the bailiffs, he has taken out summonses against them. Crowds gathered around the house, and constables were called in.

—In Nevada the Rev. T. H. McGrath took a prominent part in the recent election, denouncing "the glaring corruption exercised," being particularly severe on Mr. Sharon. He applied for a renewal of the half-fare pass granted to all clergymen by the Virginia and Truckee road, and received a note in reply from the Superintendent, stating that, "in consequence of matters arising out of the late election I find it out of my power to grant you the half-fare pass referred to in your favor of the 15th inst."

—They have a thoroughly disgusted burglar in Chicago. He has been in the habit of rifling the jewelry and silver baskets of numerous citizens, and thus far he has succeeded in acting with perfect impunity. It seems, however, that he considers himself a much-injured man, for he writes to the papers to say that in most houses he has entered he has found nothing but dollar-store jewelry, pinchbeck watches, oroide and the like, and that the people who are bewailing the loss of their valuable jewelry never owned anything more valuable than a Cape May diamond, unless it was a Cairagorm pebble.

☞ Inside of the hat of a cattle thief recently arrested in Detroit were found pasted the following maxims: "Remember that truth is a jewel; do not covet; respect old age; be content with what you have; so live that men will take your character as an example." In consideration of the excellent principles governing this man's life the Judge kindly allowed him to retain the printed slip containing them during his year's sojourn in the penitentiary.

☞ A peculiar libel case is to be tried before the Chester county (Pa.) courts. A Mr. William Benner posted a notice on his property forbidding a neighbor, named Lewis H. Hammond, or his family from trespassing on his grounds. Hammond retaliated by a similar prohibition of Benner from his grounds, adding the words, "As I have only four turkeys left," and therein lies the alledged libel.

☞ Persons who can live at all in Brazil live a great while. They have a man who dances on his knee his grandchildren's grandchildren. At Ceara, in that country, there is a woman in prison who was sentenced for life Nov. 6, 1815. She was then sixty years old. She is therefore 119 years old now.

—At Palermo, Italy, recently, a father and son were engaged in erecting a scaffold on which a murderer was to be executed, when they quarreled, and the son stabbed the father to death.

Facts and Fancies.

—Paying up—"Coming down."

—Materialized spirits—Frozen whiskey.

—A matchless maid—An ancient unmarried lady.

—Reticence may not be considered sound sense, but it is good sense.

—To "bone" a turkey—Take it when the poulterer is not looking.

—"I loved thee once," as the teetotaller said to the bottle of whiskey.

—John Henry wants to know if the Ohio lottery law prohibits marriages.

—The hair of Miss Mary C. Haskins, of Danbury, N. H., is 52½ inches long.

—The financial pressure is loosening. Even the days are not so "short" as they were.

—In some of the new styles there is no change. Poor relatives are cut the same as last year.

—A little peppermint is better than brandy when there is any trouble with your "true inwardness."

—"Sally, at what time do your folks dine?" "Soon as you go away—that's missus' orders."

—Southern Utah was never more promising than now. On the day before New Year's plows were going in all the fields and the buds were swelling.

—An Illinois debater "had 'em" when he arose and said: "Yes, gentlemen, Waterloo was the biggest kind of a fight, but Washington whipped 'em like a wink."

—A circuit preacher in Missouri prayed for rain one night at a farmer's house, and the farmer, who had a horse race arranged for the next day, was so mad that he turned the good man out of doors.

—A colored preacher in Southern California puts his foot on excessive bribery at elections, and crushes it. "Disting," he says, "ob gittin' $100 for a vote is all wrong; $10 is as much as it's worf."

—Three Chicago girls are about opening a barber's shop. One is to do the lathering, another the shaving, while the third is to sit on a sort of a throne and play on a harp.

—Nevada ice dealers are already preparing to double their prices next summer, upon the ground that the crop will be almost entirely eaten up by the grasshoppers.

—Discernment.—Young lady (who has missed "the meet"): "Do you know where the hounds are, Robbins?" Old Keeper (compassionately): "Y'are just too late, Miss—the gentlemen be all gone."

—A young woman in Detroit, charged with assault and battery, upon being asked her occupation, said she was an artist. The evidence conclusively proved that she had been painting a man's eye, using a soda water bottle for a brush.

—A Solano (Cal.) farmer advertises for a wife in this style: "Money no object. She must be well recommended by responsible parties, and, as a slight guarantee that the lady is what they represent her to be, I shall require the parties to deposit in my hands $1,500."

—Miss Sally Adams, of Portland, brought a man she loved to the point by saying to him while gleams of love shot from her half-shut eyes, "I have had two offers of marriage. The first did not please me; and, as for the second, I—I have a superstitious regard for odd numbers."

—A story is told of an old gentleman who always took notes of the minister's sermons, and on one occasion read them to the minister himself. "Stop, stop!" said the latter, on the occurrence of a certain sentence, "I didn't say that." "I know you didn't," was the reply; "I put that in myself to make sense."

—At a dancing party in Western Kentucky the other night, to which several women came with their babies, some young men changed the clothes of the infants while their parents were dancing, and mixed them up generally. The following day there was a great row, and as the families lived miles apart, it took several days to unmix the children.

—The "wickedest man in the world" has been found. His name is Welker, of Fremont, Ohio. He went West, and swindled his partner in Toledo out of all the goods he had taken with him to sell; he deserted his wife, who has a young baby; scooped his father out of $1,500 and his mother-in-law out of a smaller sum, and when last heard from was still going West.

—A wee-bit girl while at the break fast table, a few mornings since, made loud and repeated calls for buttered toast. After disposing of a liberal quantity of that article, she was told that too much toast would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish for a moment she thought she saw her way out of her difficulty, and exclaimed, "Well, give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

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